

ACCOUNT OF A MAN WHO SUBMITTED TO BE BURIED ALIVE, FOR A MONTH.

At Jaisulmer, and was dug out alive at the expiration of that period.

COMMUNICATED BY H. M. TWEDELL, ESQ.

I have just witnessed a singular circumstance, of which I had heard during our stay at this place, but said nothing about it before, the time for its accomplishment not being completed; this morning, however, the full month was over, and a man who had buried at that time, in the presence of *Eur Lal*, one of the ministers of the Mahurawal, of Jaisulmer, on whose account this singular individual was voluntarily entered a month ago. He is a young man, about 30 years of age, and his native village is within five kos of Karnali; but he generally travels about the country to Ajmeer, Kotah, Endor, &c., and allows himself to be buried for weeks or months, by any person who will pay him handsomely for the same. In the present instance the Rawul put this singular body in requisition, under the hope of obtaining an heir to his throne, and whether the remedy is efficacious or not, it certainly deserves to be known.

The man is said, by long practice to have acquired the art of holding his breath by shutting the mouth, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with the tongue; he also abstains from solid food for some days previous to interment, so that he may not be inconvenienced by the contents of his stomach, which he puts up in his narrow grave; and moreover, he is seen up in a bag of cloth, and the lined with masonry, and floored with cloth, that the white ants and other insects may not easily be able to molest him. The place in which he was buried, at Jaisulmer, is a small building, about 13 feet by 8 feet, built of stone, and in the floor was a hole about three feet long, two and a half feet wide, and the same depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in his shroud, with his feet turned inwards towards the stomach, and his hands also pointed inwards towards the chest. Two heavy slabs of stone, five or six feet long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, so that he could not escape, were then placed over the whole, so as to make the surface of the grave smooth and compact. The door of the house was also built up, and people placed outside, that no tricks might be played, nor deception practiced. At the expiration of a full month, that is to say, the morning, the walling up of the door was broken, and the buried man dug out of the grave; Trevelyan's moonshoe only running there in time to see the ridding of the man in which the man had been inclosed. He was taken out in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast together, that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument to pour a little water down his throat. He gradually recovered his senses, and the use of his limbs, and when we went to see him, was sitting up, supported by two men, and conversed with us in a low, gentle tone of voice, saying, "that we might bury him again for a twelvemonth if we pleased." He told Major Spiers, at Ajmeer, of his powers, and was laughed at as an impostor; but Cornet Macnaghten put his abstinence to test at Pokhar, by suspending him for thirteen days shut up in a wooden chest, which, he says, is better than being buried under ground, because the box, when hung from the ceiling, is open to inspection, on all sides, and the white ants, &c., can be easier prevented from getting at his body. While he remains in a state of insensibility, his powers of abstinence must be wonderful to enable him to do without food for so long a time, nor does his hair grow during the time he remains buried. I really believe that there is no imposture in the case, and that the whole proceeding is actually conducted in the way mentioned above.

This letter was written by Lieut. A. H. Boileau, of the Engineers, first assistant Great Trigonometrical surveyor, who at that time was employed in the survey of that part of the country. The gentlemen whose names are mentioned in the letter, are Capt. Trevelyan of the Bombay Artillery, and Cornet, now Lieutenant Macnaghten, of the 5th regiment of light cavalry, assistant to the survey.

Some other information I obtained in the course of conversation, with Lieut. Boileau, and which I noted down. Lieut. Boileau was unacquainted with the man's name or caste; he believed that he had taken up the life of a Fakir; he understood that the man had been buried six or seven times, but whether for any period longer than a month he knew not; he did hear how the man discovered his powers, or when he commenced to practise them. Lieut. Boileau arrived at Jaisulmer, after the interment, and saw the place described in his letter, in which the man was buried. There was a guard of four or five Chupraises, in the employ of the Mahurawal, or he understood, who were on the watch, to prevent any interference or imposition. The process of burying, and disinterment, was conducted in the presence of *Eur Lal*, one of the ministers of Mahurawal. The day fixed for the disinterment was known to Lieut. Boileau, but not the exact hour.—Captain Trevelyan's moonshoe, who had set forth to give intelligence when operations were to be commenced, arrived only in time to see the people ripping open the cloth, or shroud, in which he had been inclosed. The moonshoe immediately started off to inform his master and Lieut. Boileau, who were in their tents, at a distance of about three furlongs.

They waited a few seconds to apprise Lieutenant Macnaghten, of the 14th regiment, N. I. British Agent for the navigation of the Indus, (who had declined to accompany them,) and repaired to the spot as quickly as possible. Perhaps a quarter of an hour had elapsed, since the opening of the grave, before they arrived. The people had thrown a clean cloth over the man, two of them supported him; he presented an appearance of extreme emaciation and debility; but weak as he was, his spirit was good, and his confidence in his powers unabated, as in answer to Lieut. Boileau's and Captain Trevelyan's inquiries, he said, "that we might bury him again for a twelvemonth if we pleased." Lieut. Boileau examined, and measured with his walking stick, the grave in the floor of the chamber in which the man had been buried, and also the two slabs of stone which had been used to cover the mouth of the grave. For seven or eight days preceding the burial, the man lived entirely upon milk, regulating the quantity so as to sustain life, whilst nothing remained to give employment to the excretory organs. In that state he was buried. He confessed to have great dread of the white ants. Several folds of the cloth were spread on the bottom of the grave, to protect him from their attacks. On taking nourishment after his release, he said to be in a state of anxiety until he has ascertained that the powers of his stomach and intestines are not impaired. Lieut. Boileau saw nothing more of the man; he understood that he regained his strength, and was for some time in attendance at the durbar of the Mahurawal, in the hope of receiving his promise reward, and then tired of waiting until the purse strings of the patron were loosened, he had stolen a camel and decamped.—[*Ind. Jour. of Med. and Phys. Science.*]

GEOGRAPHY OF TEXAS.—Continued.

HARRISBURG COUNTY.

Boundaries.—This county is bounded on the north by Washington county, on the east by Liberty county and Galveston Bay, on the south by the Gulf and Brazoria county, and west by Brazoria and Austin counties.

The following are its boundaries as furnished by the chief justice.

"Beginning at the mouth of Clear creek in Galveston Bay running with the meanderings of Clear creek to its source; thence in a right line to the south east corner of the League of land granted to T. Bingham; thence with the southern boundary line of said League to the Brazos river; thence with the meanderings of said river to the north west corner of a League of land granted to the honorable Jesse H. Cartwright; thence with the northern boundary line of said League to the northeast corner of the same; thence in a right line to the source of Spring creek; thence due east to the middle of the dividing ridge between the waters of San Jacinto and Trinity rivers; thence down the said ridge to Galveston Bay; thence in a right line across said Bay to the beginning point." "To this is

to be added the whole of Galveston Island lying between Galveston Bay and the Gulf of Mexico."

Surface.—This county is remarkably level at the south, gently undulating at the north. The streams and the northern coast of the bay are lined with forests, the remainder of the county comprising nearly four fifths of its surface is open prairie.

Soil and Productions.—The soil within ten miles of the coast is rather poor, consisting of a thin layer of black mould resting upon a bed of sand and shells. At the middle and northern parts, the layer of black mould is in many places three or four feet thick, and the substratum consists of sand and shells alternating with deep beds of reddish loam. The western portion of the county contains some of the finest land in eastern Texas. Corn, cotton, potatoes and oats are raised in abundance. The land on San Jacinto Bay has produced twenty eight hundred pounds of seed cotton to the acre; sixty bushels of corn and four hundred bushels of potatoes are not uncommon crops; two crops of Irish potatoes are frequently raised, affording eight hundred bushels an acre in one year.

Streams.—The principal streams are the Brazos, San Jacinto, Buffalo Bayou, Cedar creek and Clear creek. The San Jacinto is navigable about forty miles, its water is remarkably clear and wholesome. Buffalo Bayou is navigable about thirty miles. Cedar creek is navigable about twenty miles. These streams resemble long serpentine lakes rather than rivers; their currents are scarcely perceptible, and they are generally very deep; capable in many places of floating large schooners, even where they are only twenty feet wide.

Forest Trees.—Pine predominates in the bordering forests of the San Jacinto, Buffalo Bayou and their numerous branches. There are also great quantities of Magnolia, Cypress, Cedar, Black oak, White oak, Red oak, and a species of oak called Spanish oak, so closely resembling the Live oak, that it is often mistaken for it. The immense quantities of valuable timber contained in the forests of this county will eventually render them rich sources of wealth.

Minerals.—A kind of asphaltum is found on the shores of Galveston Island; also pumice stone: these are generally found in small masses, having probably been thrown up by the waves. No other minerals are found upon the surface throughout the whole extent of the county. In the northern part, ten or twelve feet below the surface are found many extensive ledges of "rotten limestone," and numerous beds of clay.

Houston, the capital of the republic, and country seat, is beautifully situated on the left bank of the Buffalo Bayou, about twenty miles from its junction with the San Jacinto. This city is increasing with a rapidity unequalled by that of any city in Texas; it contains twelve stores, several taverns, a large and commodious capitol and about twelve hundred inhabitants. Harrisburg situated six miles from Houston, was formerly a place of considerable importance; it was burnt by order of Santa Anna, April 17th 1836. Since the battle of San Jacinto it has been slowly rising from its ruins.

Galveston, situated on the east end of Galveston Island, is important only on account of its situation and future prospects: though styled a city, it contains only two or three houses and the frames of four or five others just commenced. The harbour near it is the best in Texas, and rivaling in extent that of many of the commercial cities of the world: the products of many millions of acres of the most fertile land on the globe and of many rich mines of gold, silver and iron will necessarily be wafted to this port, rendering Galveston City the commercial emporium of Texas.

Galveston Island is about thirty-six miles long, and on an average two miles wide, it is destitute of trees with the exception of three large Live oaks near the centre of the island, which serve as land marks: being apparently planted about one mile apart. The soil of a large portion of this island is very good, consisting of a rich black mould generally a foot thick, resting upon a bed of sand and shells. There are several small points of sweet wholesome water scattered along the coast. This place is continually fanned during summer by refreshing sea breezes which render the air cool and healthy, on this account it has become the summer resort of invalids from different portions of the low country of Texas. Immense beds of excellent oysters are found near the western shore, and large quantities of oysters, (the cod of the Gulf), Grandquilt, Mullet and other species of excellent fish, styled sea perch; and sea trout are caught on its shores. Innumerable flocks of wild geese, teal, brants &c. make the prairies of this island and those of the neighboring coast their winter abode.

This island was formerly the principal retreat of the celebrated pirate Lafitte. The ruins of his fortress are situated about two miles from the eastern extremity, on the western shore; they consist of a few embankments of sand and shells and several shallow ditches arranged in a quadrangular form.

TEXAS

The Rev. N. E. Channing of Boston has addressed a letter to the Hon. H. Clay against the annexation of that Country to the government of the United States in which he uses the following language:

"We recognized Texas as a nation having all its attributes of sovereignty, and competent to discharge all the obligations of an independent state. And what is Texas? A collection of a few settlements, which would vanish at once, were a Mexican army of any force to enter the country. One decisive word would scatter all Texas like a herd of fat rats, and not a trace of its institutions and population would remain. We have been accustomed to think of a nation as something permanent, as having some fixture, some lasting bond of union. There would be nothing to hold Texas together, were her single, small army, to be routed in one battle. To send a minister plenipotentiary to such a handful of people would utterly destroy the idea of a nation, to degrade the forms of national intercourse. This new republic, with its president, has been called a tree. But the fragile elements prevail so much over the farcical, in the whole business, that we cannot laugh at it."

A writer from New York who reviews the argument of Mr. Channing, concludes with these remarks.

How easy it is for men who never fight to want armies in their closets. Texas has no army. She has a body of landholders, who have a sword in readiness, lying fast by their implements of husbandry; and at the first sound of the trumpet it will leap from the scabbard to repel an invader. Texas wants no regular army. She is not afraid of Mexico. Texas, in the friendly feelings of the people of kindred blood, has a protection sufficient for her; strike her warriors to the dust—fire every cabin she has erected—in the course of a few months a swarm of armed men would arise sufficient to annihilate the power of Mexico at once.—What is Mexico? A piebald people, who have neither the genius nor the energy of the Spaniard, or the purity and simplicity of the Indian. Perhaps it is not known to Mr. Channing that the descendants of the Indians by the Spaniards have a most deadly hatred for the Spaniards themselves. There is no affection among the Mexicans to cement their union. These discordant elements will cause their breaking up, the moment they have no external pressure to hold them together. Their institutions are nothing more than the mouldering remains of ancient superstition and despotism, and are destined (the latter writer hates the word) to pass away before the irrefragable force of modern advancements in knowledge. While Mexico will be on the wane, Texas will be stronger and stronger. In a few years, with such soil, Texas will abound in inhabitants, wealth and power, secured by the best institutions of the civilized world. Texas now small and insignificant, in the view of Mr. Channing, is a deep-rooted tree, whose wide spreading branches and healthy foliage will shelter the gathering nations. No blasts of power will shake it. No arm is strong enough to hew it down; nor will its leaves be withered by the "Mellitum venenum, blanda oratio," of the correspondent of Mr. Clay.

Hoboken, Sept. 15, 1837.

The whaling ship Clifford Wayne, Capt. Downs, which sailed from Fairhaven in December last, returned on Sunday, in consequence of fourteen of her crew having mutinied. She has fifty barrels of oil. Four of the mutineers were landed at the Isle of France, to be sent home by the American Consul, and four were brought home in irons.—*Boston Daily Ad.*

BOARDING HOUSE.—Mrs. CONNOR, on Pennsylvania Avenue, two doors east of 44 street, and adjoining E. H. B. Buildings, can accommodate a mass of six or eight members of Congress. Her parlours and chambers have been fitted up in the best style, are suited either for single gentlemen or families.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Translated for the Native American, from De La Martine's voyage in the East. By J. C. B.

Description of the Jordan, and first view of Lake Tiberias.

The Jordan leaves the lake with a serpentine course, glides into the low and marshy plain of Esdraelon, about fifty feet from the lake; passes on, slightly agitated, and emitting its first murmurs beneath the ruinous arches of a Roman bridge. It is thither we turned our steps, by a steep and rapid path, and where we longed to salute those waters, consecrated by the reminiscences of two religions. In a few minutes we are on its banks—we descend from our horses—we bathe our heads, feet, and hands, in the sweet waters, warm and blue as those of the Rhone, when it escapes from the Lake of Geneva. The Jordan, at this spot, which is about the middle of its course, would not be worthy of the name of river in a country of larger dimensions; but it surpasses nevertheless considerably the European and Asiatic rivers, and all other rivers, whose fabulous or historical names echo early in our memory, and give us an image of rapidity and abundance which the reality destroys. The Jordan here is greater than a torrent—although at the end of a dry autumn, it rolls on smoothly in a bed of about a hundred feet broad, a volume of water of about three feet deep, clear, limpid, and transparent, so that the stones at the bottom may be counted; a water of one of those lovely rivulets which reflects all the deep color of an Asiatic sky; bluer even than the Heavens, like an image which is more beautiful than the object—like a mirror, which colors what it reflects. Twenty or thirty steps from the water, the shore, at present dry, is covered with pebbles, flags, and clumps of the laurel rose yet in bloom. The beach is six feet below the level of the plain, it bears witness to the size of the river during the usual season of heavy rains. The river in my opinion is from eight to ten feet deep, and a hundred to one hundred and twenty feet broad. It is narrower and deeper in the plain, but there more pent up, and the spot from whence we viewed it is one of the four fords during the whole course of the stream. I drank in the hollow of my hand the water of the Jordan, that water which so many divine poets had drank before me, which was poured on the innocent head of the voluntary victim. I found it perfectly sweet, of an agreeable taste, and of great transparency. The customs which our oriental traveller contracts of drinking nothing but water, and that often, makes the palate an excellent judge of the qualities of that which is new. The only thing which is wanting in that of the Jordan is freshness. It was quite rapid, and although my hands and lips were heated by a march of twelve hours without any shade, under a devouring sun, my hands, lips, and forehead experienced a feeling of warmth, on touching the water of this river. Like all travellers who come through so many fatigues, distances, and perils, to visit in its solitude this once mighty river, I filled several bottles with its water, to carry to my friends less fortunate than myself, as also my pistol cases, with pebbles which I gathered on the banks. Why was it also that I could not carry with me that sacred and prophetic inspiration with which it formerly gifted the bards of its holy banks—above all, some of that holiness and purity of spirit and heart which it contracted beyond doubt by bathing the holier and purer of the sons of men? I mounted my horse, and rode around some of the shattered pillars which supported the bridge or aqueduct of which I have before spoken—I saw nothing but the degenerate masonry of the age, neither marble, nor sculpture, nor inscription; not one arch remained, but ten pillars were yet standing, and the foundations of four or five others were yet to be detected; each arch was about ten feet wide, which agrees very well with the dimension of one hundred and twenty feet, which, to judge by the eye, ought to be given, as I believe, to the Jordan.

In fine, what I here write about the size of the Jordan, is for no other object than that of satisfying the curiosity of those who wish to have just and exact measures even of their own thoughts, and not to lend arms either to the foes or friends of the Christian faith, arms contemptible for both. What boots it whether the Jordan be a torrent or a river—that Judea be a heap of sterile rocks, or a delicious garden—that such a mountain is only a hill, and such a kingdom a province?

Men who heat themselves who quarrel about questions like these, are as silly as those who believe that they have overturned a religion of two thousand years, when they have laboriously sought to discredit the Bible, and ridicule the Prophets. Would not one believe, whilst hearing these grave disputes about a word badly understood or badly translated, by both parties, that religions are matters of geometry, destroyed by a figure or an argument—and how many generations of faithful are prepared at the close of the argument to go over immediately to the side of the best sophist and antiquarian, the most learned and ingenious? Sterile disputes which neither convert nor convert the soul. Religion is not proved, is not explained, is not exposed to view, is not established, is not destroyed, by logic. It is, of all the mysteries of nature and the humane mind, the most mysterious and inexplicable. It is a matter of extinct, not of reasoning; like the winds which come from the east and west, of the cause and starting place of which we are ignorant; it is scattered God only knows where, and why, and for how many ages, and over what sections of the globe. Religions are because they are; they are not embraced or deserted at will, on account of words; they enter more into the essence of the heart than into the mind of man. Where is he who would exclaim: I am a Christian, because I have a certain positive answer in a certain book, or an incontrovertible objection in another? All reasonable men of whom a reason for their faith is demanded, would reply—I am a Christian, because the milk that I imbibed at my mother's breast was Christian—because the sympathies of my soul are with the doctrine—because I live upon the air of the present, without diving into the future. We then mounted our horses to coast along as far as the sea of Tiberias, the sacred borders of the beautiful lake of Seuxareth.

The caravan left the village where we had reposed in silence, and marched on the western shore of the lake, some steps from its waves, over a sandy and pebbly beach, strown here and there with clumps of the laurel rose and delicate place—like shrubs which bear a flower resembling the lilac. To our left a chain of peaked hills, black, bare, and hollowed by deep ravines, spotted from distance to distance with large volcanic stones, running the length of the shore which we coasted, and advancing in a dark and bold promontory nearly to the middle of the sea, hid from view the town of Tiberias and the extremity of the lake to Lehanus. None amongst us spoke aloud; every thought was intimate, secret, and profound, so strongly did the holy souvenirs re-echo in the souls of us all. As to myself, never any spot upon earth appeared to my heart stronger or more deliciously. I have ever loved to pass over the physical scenes of places inhabited by men—whom I have known, admired, loved, or revered, among the dead, as well as among the living. The land where a great man has dwelt, and preferred, during his sojourn on earth, always seemed to me the most certain and imposing vestige of himself—a kind of material manifestation of his genius, a mute revelation of a part of his soul, a living commentary of his life, his actions, and his thoughts. When young, I have passed solitary and contemplative hours, reclining under the olive trees, which shade the garden of Horace, within view of the glittering cascade of Tiber. I have oft times laid me down at evening, within hearing of the lovely sea of Naples, under the branches of the vines, near the spot where Virgil wished his ashes to repose, because it was the most beautiful and sweetest place that eye ever dwelt upon. How many mornings and evenings more recently have I passed, seated at the foot of the noble chestnuts in the little valley of Charnettes, where the souvenirs of Jean, Jacques, Rousseau, attracted and retained me through sympathy in his impressions, in his reveries, misfortune, and genius! It is ever thus as it regards many other great writers and great men whose names have found a dwelling in my memory! I have wished to study them, to know them in the places which gave them birth or inspiration; and almost always an intelligent research develops a secret and striking analogy between the country and a great man, between the scene and the actor, between nature and the genius which it formed and inspired. But it was no longer a great man or poet, whose favorite abode on earth I visited; it was the man of men, the divine man, nature, and virtue, and genius, made flesh; the incarnate divinity, whose traces on the shores, where they were the most impressed, on the waves which supported him, on the hills where he sat, on the stones where he reposed his head, I came to adore. He had, with his mortal eyes, contemplated this sea, these waves, these hills, these stones; or rather this sea, these waves, these hills, these stones, had seen him; he had trodden under foot a hundred times this road where I walked with so much respect; his feet had raised the dust which was stirred by my own; during the three years of his divine mission, he travels incessantly from Nazareth to Tiberias, from Jerusalem to Tiberias; he sails in the fishermen's barks on the sea of Galilee; he calms its tempests; he walks upon its water to extend his hand to the apostle of little faith, like myself; sacred hand, of which I stand more in need than he did, amid the tempest of opinions and thoughts yet more disheartening!

The grand and mysterious scene of the Evangelists was confined principally to this lake, to its banks, and to the mountains which surround and look upon it. Behold Emmaus, where he selected at hazard his disciples, amongst the humblest of mankind, to show that the strength of his doctrine was in itself, and not in its powerful organs! Behold Tiberias, where he appeared to St. Peter, and founds, in three words, the eternal hierarchy of his church. Behold Capernaum, and the mountain where he preached so noble a sermon, and declared the beatitudes according to God! Behold that where he cried, "Misereor super turbam," and multiplied the loaves and fishes, as his word creates and multiplies the life of the soul! There is the gulph of the miraculous draught: here are the Evangelists entire, with their touching parables and their tender and delicious images, which strike us as they did the auditors of the divine master, when he showed them the lamb, the fold, the good shepherd, the city of the valley! Behold, in fine, the land which Christ preferred over all others, which he has chosen to make it the preparatory scene of his mysterious drama; where, during his obscure life of thirty years, he had his parents and friends secure to the flesh; where nature, the key of which he possessed, appeared to him the most beautiful! These are the mountains where he saw, like ourselves, the sun, which measured so briefly his mortal career, rise and set. Higher he resorted to repose, to meditate, to pray, and love God and man.

PUBLIC OFFICE.

There is no propriety, as connected with the moral politics of our country, that we desire to see eradicated more than this "longing after" office. The premature ripeness of our people in all the extravagancies of Europe, and the facility with which the means were heretofore obtained to gratify such indulgences, have made shipwreck of thousands and thousands of our citizens, who, too falsely proud to turn back into the path of humble labor to supply their wants, direct their supplications to Government for the means of an easier living. In this way, much of the industry, mechanical talent, and genius of our countrymen, is lost to us; for those who succeed give themselves up to the quiet and monotony of office, and find that after a few years they have lost their energies, and are unfit for the adventurous duties of an independent livelihood.

Besides this, the very process of obtaining such employment is degrading to a sensitive mind, painful to friends, and demoralizing in its consequences. Competition compels men to bolster up their pretensions by letters from politicians and partisans, procured by much solicitation, and given in hundreds of instances without reference to the merits of the individual, or to truth; so that many a man is passed off like a pretended Egyptian Hieroglyph, covered with certificates of genuineness and value, which turns out upon inquiry to be a rude, unmeaning inscription, made by some modern Arab.

On the other hand, the respectable citizen, whose former occupation has added thousands to the revenue, but whose misfortunes induce him to turn for employment to the Government, relying entirely upon his good name, and the practices of an honorable life, is disregarded, and

"Whistled down the wind,—
To pry at fortune."

These inequalities, therefore, which result from unjust preferences and false positions, and the influence of the pettiest and clamorous over the more worthy and modest, are evils odious to the morals, as well as to the interests, of the nation; and for these reasons, as well as for the sake of causing every man to rely upon himself for advancement, ought to be condemned and opposed. To do this, we must encourage the arts, manufactures, and husbandry of our own country, so as to call all our citizens into active employment; we must repudiate the idea of distinction between professions and trades, and make industry the badge of usefulness, and integrity the criterion of worth: we must teach our children to consider the American Government as a necessary evil, tolerated for the benefit of the whole, and not a consolidation of all that is honorable; and that those who fail in the honor of being chosen to the highest offices, should remember and emulate the patriotism of him who rejoiced, "that there were three hundred better men in Sparta than he."

In fine, we would hold that offices are to be accepted for the benefit of the country, rather than sought—and that after all,

"The post of honor,
Is a private station."

PATRIOTS OF '76.

In those days, it may truly be said there were patriots, in the full sense and signification of the term, whose ruling passion was the love of country; who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, and more redeemed the bond (the Declaration of Independence) to which they affixed their names. At what cost the blood and treasure of our country were attained. Independence was achieved, our country free.

Thereafter the Constitution of the United States was framed by those wise and good men who survived the struggle, forms of Government remodeled, the whole machinery renewed, and made perfect. This inheritance was then bequeathed to their descendants, and let me ask, if at this time, it is to be considered of little or no value, and if we are now willing to "sell our birthright for a mass of postage," before we are awakened, like Esau, and that to foreigners, ignorant of its first cost, its Constitution and laws of our happy Government! I trust not. But that we have not strange grounds to fear that such is the case, I for one will not deny it, and as an evidence, I take leave to refer to a communication in your paper of Saturday last, over the signature of "T," wherein, we are informed that in all the Departments there are a number of foreigners, who have access to the archives and public documents of the Offices, and as to the public works now in progress, except the Commissioner of the public buildings, its superintendence, its construction, all, all, are carried on by foreigners, whilst thousands of our citizens are thrown out of employment, and without the means of procuring bread for their families. Possession is said to be eleven points in the law. Place, power, and the archives of our country are in the hands of foreigners; if they have the eleven points out of the twelve contended for, it is a surrender of the citadel.

Let the American people with one voice call upon the rulers, (their servants,) and ask them why this, why is it so? The tongue would be silent, lest the cheek should blush for shame.

Rather let us see our public offices surrounded by a Chinese wall, massive gates, with trustworthy sentinels. Over and above their gate-ways, in large letters, "Native American citizens only employed within." "No admittance for foreigners, except upon business." On the top of each building, let the American flag be unfurled—and

"Its Star Spangled Banner, and long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

ON THE QUADRATURE OF THE CIRCLE.

We have undertaken this article, because we have reason to know, that there are still some persons, who, from ignorance of the real question, are turning their attention to this useful and exploded problem; and deceiving themselves and their neighbors into the belief that they have succeeded in doing that which has been repeatedly shown to be impossible. By the rectification of a circle is meant the finding of a straight line which shall be equal in length to the circumference of a given circle, or the two ends of which, when bent round it, should exactly meet, by the quadrature of a circle is meant the finding a square, which shall be equal in surface to a given circle, that is, to the whole space contained inside its circumference. There is no difficulty in doing these problems in a manner more than sufficiently correct for all useful purposes. If, for example, we take a circle as large as the earth's orbit, and an atom as small as the smallest insect which a microscope ever showed in a drop of water, nothing would be more easy than to find the circumference of this circle so nearly, that the error committed should be less than the length of that atom. The problem which has puzzled so many generations, is the finding what is called a geometrical quadrature of the circle.—What this is we proceed to explain. It is the object of geometry to find out, by reasoning, all truths which relate to the various figures which a draughtsman can construct. Not that these figures are precisely the objects of geometrical reasoning; for a geometrical line has no breadth or thickness, but only length, while the line we draw with a penit has a small degree both of breadth and thickness. It is agreed, by geometers to take as little for granted as possible, and to make their propositions arise out of the smallest number of simple truths. It is also agreed to imagine the existence of as few figures as possible. It was therefore the practice of the ancient geometers to assume no problems except the following: 1. A straight line can be drawn from one point to another. 2. A straight line, when finished, can afterwards be made longer. 3. A circle can be drawn with any point as a centre, and any line as a radius. All lines, except the straight line and circle, and afterwards the conic sections, were called mechanical, as distinguishing them from geometrical lines; and if an problem arose, the first attempt was always to solve it geometrically, and only when that failed, were mechanical means resorted to, or where other curves constructed, the construction of which once granted, solved the problem. The names geometrical and mechanical, as applied to distinguish one sort of solution from another, may be improper; but that is not the question. When a man asserts that he has found a geometrical quadrature of the circle, he either does not use the word in the sense of the ancient geometers. If he does, and his solution is correct, he has certainly solved the problem; but that no one has yet done this is universally admitted. If he does not use the word geometrical in the ancient signification, his solution has nothing to do with the problem, which has hitherto remained unsolved. Many ways have been discovered of finding the area of a circle, which take something more for granted than the use of the ruler and compasses only, and any person, with a reasonable knowledge of mathematics, might add a dozen to the number in a couple of hours. So much for the geometrical solution of the problem.

It was proved long before the Christian era, that the circumferences of two different circles are to one another as the radii, that is, whatever number of times one circumference contains its radius, the other circumference contains its radius as many times, or whatever fraction one radius is of its circumference, the same fraction is the other radius of its circumference. From this it follows, that if any number of circles were taken having for radii a foot, a yard, a mile, &c., whatever number of feet and parts of feet would go round the first the same number of miles and similar parts of miles would go round the third, and so on. Hence it became a question of importance to discover what was the number of units and parts of units contained in the circumference of a circle whose radius was the unit.—Again, it was proved that the number of square feet and parts of square feet in a circle of one foot radius, was the same as the number of square miles and similar parts of square miles contained in the circle of one mile radius. Archimedes showed that a circle of one foot radius contained nearly 3 square feet and 1/12 of a square foot, which does not differ from the truth so much as 1-5 of a square inch, and gives the error too great by about its three-thousandth part. An ancient measure of the Hindoos makes it 3 square feet and 177 parts out of 1250 of a square foot. This is much nearer to the truth, differing from it about one-thousandth part of a square inch, but still a little too much. Metius, who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century found that if a square foot be divided into 113 parts, the circle of one foot radius contains about 355 of these parts; a result of surprising accuracy when the simplicity of the number is considered; it is too great by about the fifty thousandth part of a square inch. These numbers may be very easily recollected, since, when put together, they give the first three odd numbers, each repeated twice; thus, 113355.

The following simple rules will enable every one of our readers to find the circumference of a circle. If any one of them would go direct round the world, he would by means of them, if the earth were a perfect sphere; be able to tell the length of his journey within less than four yards. From them the word inch may be taken out, and any other unit substituted.

To find the length of the circumference of a circle, multiply the number of inches in the radius by itself, and that product by 355; divide the result by 113, the quotient which is the number of square inches in the area.

We might go on to describe still more accurate methods; it will be sufficient to say, that the latest of them gives the area of a circle true to 120 decimal places, as it is called; that is, if the radius be 1000, &c. feet, the circle being 127 in number, the area of the circle will be obtained without an error of a square foot.

Still this is only an approximation, and however nearly the circumference of a circle has been obtained, it has never been obtained exactly. Numberless attempts have been made to find the exact ratio of the circumference to the diameter, but without success; the reason being, as was afterwards proved, that the thing is impossible.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

Now exhibiting in the brick building, near the corner of 43 street, and Pennsylvania Avenue, next door to Mrs. Kennedy's Flouring house, the celebrated painting, of the interior of St. Peter's church at Rome, also a view of the Bay and City, of Naples, painted from nature, by G. Cooke. Open from 9 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Admittance, 25 cents, Children 12 cents. Sept. 16—31

WASHINGTON BRANCH RAILROAD.

On and after Monday next, the 11th instant, the cars will leave the depot in this city for Baltimore at 9 o'clock A. M., instead of 9 A. M., as heretofore.

The object of this alteration is to render certain the arrival of the train at Baltimore early enough to afford ample time for passengers going north to take the steamboat, which now departs daily for Philadelphia, at half past 12 o'clock.

The afternoon train will, as heretofore, leave the depot at a quarter after 5 o'clock P. M.

Sept. 8—17.
(Madisonian, Globe, Nat. American, Alex. Gazette, and Potomac Advocate)

The steamboat JOSEPH JOHNSON will continue to run as follows, until further notice.

Leave Alexandria at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M. and at 2 and 4 o'clock P. M.

Leave Washington at 10 o'clock A. M., 12 o'clock M., and at 3 and 5 o'clock P. M.

JOS. JOHNSON, Captain.

Oct. 3—6.

T. H. BOWEN, Merchant Tailor, one door east of Dr. J. A. B. Hotel has just received his Fall assortments of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, which he invites members of Congress, citizens, and strangers, to call and examine. The above mentioned articles were selected in the best importing houses in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Sept. 28—31